

Move In

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Move In

When Tony entered his floor, it was filled with boxes. They were everywhere, in the living-room, some in the kitchen, the hallway and, when he made his way to his bedroom, some where even there, stacked up on the wall.

Since Jarvis hadn't alerted him to this, he doubted that it was dangerous, but it was still strange nonetheless.

"Jarvis, what is going on here?" he asked and walked back out into the living-room.

"Mister Barnes will be with you in a second, sir," Jarvis replied and didn't elaborate further.

"What does Bucky have to do with this?" he asked, still confused, but Jarvis didn't reply again.

Tony was about to open of the boxes when the elevator doors slid open and Bucky stepped out. He smiled at Tony, but he also looked determined.

"What is happening?" Tony asked instead of greeting him and Bucky walked up to him.

"I'm moving in," he stated, voice sure and strong.

"You're doing what now?" Tony questioned, because surely he couldn't have heard that right.

"I am moving in with you," Bucky repeated and Tony stared at him.

"When did we decide that?" he asked and moved away from Bucky.

"We didn't," Bucky answered and before Tony could say anything to that he went right on. "Mostly because you wouldn't let me. Whenever I would start talking about our future you just flee. It was like that when I wanted to tell the team, when I wanted to make it official and then with this. You never admit that you want it, but you can't fool me. I just don't get why you wouldn't want us to talk about that. But, I solved that problem, because I am moving in and you can't do anything about that now."

Tony had turned away from Bucky during his little speech and so Bucky hadn't noticed the tears that had gathered in his eyes, but when Tony stayed quiet for too long Bucky spun him around.

He paled a bit when he got a good look at Tony's face. "H-hey! Why are you crying all of a sudden? You know you can say no, right? I just thought..." Bucky trailed off here obviously unsure how to handle a crying Tony.

"Do you want to move in?" Tony silently asked and Bucky seemed confused now.

"Of course I want to move in. I thought the boxes would be hint enough."

"You never said..."

"Because you kept running whenever a topic screamed commitment," Bucky explained and sighed. "Look, I know doing this was a bold, and unfair, move, but you didn't leave me a choice. You never let me talk about this and I wanted to ask you for months now."

"You did?"

"Yes!"

"...I want you to move in," Tony finally admitted, though he was talking more to his hands than Bucky.

"That's good then, right?" he asked and waited for Tony's nod before he continued. "Want to tell me why you were crying?"

"No one ever wanted to move in," Tony said, voice so low that Bucky barely heard him.

"What do you mean, no one ever wanted to?"

"The people I were with...weren't much for commitment. Even Pepper only had a few things here and kept her place. I mean it was smart, since it was pretty obvious that it wouldn't work out but. Yeah. People are usually not in for the long haul with me."

Before Tony had even finished his sentence Bucky had pulled him into a crushing hug.

"Those people were all idiots. I'm not one to leave the person I love

and you better get used to this. If I have a say in it, this is forever. I'm not gonna let you go."

Tony clutched at Bucky's shirt, desperate to hold on to something.

"You sure?" he had to ask, making sure that Bucky really meant it.

"Yes, I am."

They stayed like that for a few minutes, Bucky calming Tony down and peppering his head with kisses, before he said "You know when I bring up marriage, you better not flip out again."

When he heard that, Tony pushed Bucky away and stared with wide eyes at him.

"Marriage?!" he nearly screeched and Bucky shrugged.

"Eventually, yes. Not in the next few years probably, but you can prepare yourself for that. I am gonna ask at one point. If that is something you would want. Like I said, we're gonna talk about that first."

"I would like to talk about that," Tony whispered and Bucky lightly kissed him.

"Good. Now, are you gonna help me unpack?"

Tony took a deep breath before he nodded. "Where did you get this much stuff anyway?"

"Well, Clint took me shopping, 'cause he said he couldn't live through another Steve disaster. Steve had spent a shitton of money on personal collections, getting back what used to be mine, and after I was accepted into the Avenger's every national collection was very forthcoming with all the stuff they had acquired. A lot of this stuff is really old."

"Just like you then," Tony teased him, tears already forgotten, and Bucky laughed.

"Since I live with you know, you are my personal caretaker, you know that right?"

"Me? I can't even take care of Dummy. You are doomed, Barnes."

"Yes," Bucky seriously said. "Doomed for a very happy life."

Tony blushed a bit at that, but he couldn't deny it. After all, that was what he hoped for as well.

End
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